

# Lyrics of Childhood

—  
*By* Edward Mayhugh

PS 3525

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# Lyrics of Childhood



# LYRICS OF CHILDHOOD

BY

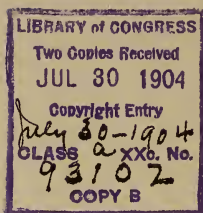
Edward Mayhugh



THE GRAFTON PRESS

NEW YORK

793525  
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1904



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## PREFACE.

"Give me truth," wrote Emerson ; "for I am weary of the surfaces and die of inanition."

He asked the artist to paint a picture that should live, though the bright colors fade, a painting that shall live through all the ages of its own naturalness. "Our eyes are armed," said, he, "but we are strangers to the stars and strangers to the mystic beast and bird and strangers to the plant and to the mine."

He wishes to impress us that we too often fail to delve under the surfaces of things where the brightest treasures, the sweetest impressions are found.

In all his spirited essays and poems he is in sympathy with Wordsworth,

"Seek who will delight in fable  
I shall tell you truth."

As we become acquainted with the natural world by the study of natural science (which is said to supply the most efficient training in sense-observation), so we become acquainted with the child by the study of the child which is only efficiently done by association and observation.

We read their dispositions as we read a book ; we read, reflect, take notes, and if we think their childish pranks worth jotting down in form of song and story, we do so not merely for the child's pleasure and benefit, but for "The whole man with nobler thoughts to fill,"

"To touch the heart and make its pulses thrill,  
To raise and purify the groveling soul,  
To warm with generous heart the selfish will,  
To conquer passion with a mild control."



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# Lyrics of Childhood



## THE BOOGY MAN.

WHEN Tot an' Mirt an' I  
All went to play,  
Up in the barn loft  
There with cousin May,  
We scared up a Boogy Man  
In the clover hay.  
Granny hel' her finger up  
An said, "you'd better mind,  
Up in the hay loft  
Sumpin you 'u'd find ;"  
Thought I was scary like  
An hollered out,  
"Nan,  
Nan,  
Nan,  
You'd better watch yourse'f,  
Or you'll see a Boogy Man !"

Up on the gran'ry top  
We saw the cutest thing,  
A great big binder there  
With arms, and a string  
An' a funny rake 'ith teeth  
Went, "ting-a-ling-a-ting,"  
An' a drill an' a fannin' mill,  
(Big noisy thing)  
An' the children all a laughin'  
An' me in the swing,—  
All a whoopin' an' a runnin'  
Around in a ring ;  
An' Granny kep' a hollerin'  
"Nan,  
Nan,  
Nan,  
You'd better watch yourse'f  
Or you'll see a Boogy Man !"

But I kind o' sort o' thought  
    'At Granny was in fun,  
An' I kep' on a-swingin'  
    An' I did'nt care to run ;  
For I could'nt see a thing  
    'At any thing had done,  
An' I did'nt believe a thing  
    In a ghost, not one,  
Till I heard a funny noise  
    Away in the mow,  
Kind o' sort o' moo'in' like  
    Auntie's Jersey Cow,  
An' Granny kep' a hollerin',  
        " Nan,  
            Nan,  
            Nan,  
You'd better watch yourse'f  
    Or you'll see a Boogy Man ! "

'Way in the barn loft  
    Went Mirt an' May,  
Saw a big black thing  
    A-hidin' in the hay,  
An' the children all a screamin'  
    Till the Boogy rund away  
And climbed to a rafter  
    An' tumbled on the hay,  
An' uncle John's fur robe  
    Give 'im all away ;  
An' Granny said to John,  
    " You can't fool Nan ;  
For she knows 'at you  
    Are not  
        A Boogy Man ! "



## THE QUARREL.

ROB.

“DON'T cry now Sis, I did n't go  
To break your doll ;  
You mus 'nt tell on me ; for I  
Won't be allowed  
To toss my ball,  
'Cause, Ma 'll lock me in the room  
From John and Tom an ' Rover,  
And I can't have no fun with them  
A playin' andy over,  
You know,  
And so,  
You won't tell on me, will you, Nell ? ”

NELL.

“Yes, I will ! You need 'nt coax,  
For you are bad ;  
Bess Dale won't play with me no more,  
You made her mad ;  
She does n't like to have bad boys  
To interfere,  
And you can just play by yourself  
Now, do you hear ?  
How many seats in our playhouse ?  
You'd never guess ;  
There's only two, just one for me,  
And one for Bess ;  
And you come in and run her out,  
And then she fell ;  
You broke my doll, and lost my ball,  
So I *will* tell ;  
You needn't pout an' hang your head  
And cry, “boo hoo ! ”  
For you are bound to be locked up  
Now, Mister, too ! ”

ROB.

“If I am bad, why your bad too ;  
You need n’t say  
I hurt Bess Dale and made her cry  
An’ run away ;  
An’ I know what you and Bess did, too,  
When you were in the cellar ;  
You broke a big jar, did n’t you ?  
When Ma comes home, I’ll tell her,  
And Bess  
Won’t guess  
What’s wrong when you cry “boo” !

NELL.

“O ! O ! now sir, if you just dare  
I’ll tell another thing ;  
You lost the bucket in the well  
And broke a crock,  
And stopped the clock,  
And made it ring  
“Ting-a-ling-a-ting-ting,  
A-ling-ting.”  
And O, I know a whole lot more,  
You opened up the cupboard door  
And let the chickens eat the bread,  
And broke the plaster overhead,  
And took a lump of sugar, too ;  
O ! O ! now sir  
If you  
Just only knew  
What Ma ’ll do,  
When I tell that !”

ROB.

“I s’pose you think ’at I’m afraid  
To see my Ma ;  
Well, you’ll be just as ’fraid to-night  
To see your Pa  
When he finds out you broke his whip,  
You need n’t pucker up your lip  
And say ’twas me,  
Because I’ll be  
Right there to say ’twas you ;  
I’d like to know now, what you’ll do  
When I tell that.”

NELL.

“You broke Pa’s whip, say did n’t you  
As much as I ?  
An’ when you hit me on the back  
I wouldn’t cry ;  
That made you mad you bad, bad boy,  
And O ! you know  
Pa’s whip just twisted in my hand,  
If you’d let go  
It wouldn’t now be broke in two,—  
And Rob you know  
I’m just in fun ;  
We’ll both be good when Ma and Pa  
Comes home, an’ run  
An’ laugh an’ play  
An’ I won’t say  
One thing you’ve done,  
And you may ride my pony, Rob,  
And we will go away  
Out in the woods for chestnuts, too,  
An’ Bess ’ll come and play  
With us —  
An’ I won’t tell.”

## JEF McCREA.

HAVE you heard of Jef McCrea, sir ?  
If you listen I will tell  
'Bout his great big locomotive,  
With its pretty silver bell.

Everything was kept a shining  
'Round that engin' you may know ;  
"Taint because Jef run it either  
That I am a sayin' so.

When we lived at Manning Station,  
Jef, why he was engineer,  
Running on the No. 20,  
Brave as any can-nun-eer.

One day met him at the station,  
Asked to have a little ride ;  
In his arms he took me gently,  
Placed me on the seat inside.

Pulled the throttle, whispered, saying,  
"You may go a half a mile  
To the switch above the station,"  
Turned he to me with a smile,

Stroked my ringlets mamma twisted  
'Fore I left her all alone  
Singing, "Tell 'em that you saw me,"  
In a sad an' solemn tone.

In a minute I was thinking  
How uneasy ma would be,  
If she knew I was a riding  
In the cab with Jef McCrea.

No ; it was n't Jef's fault either  
'Cause I coaxed him every day,  
Till that morning, last he could n't  
Turn his "Curly Head" away.

Round the curve dashed No. 40,  
Singing o'er the trembling rail,  
Then he pressed me to his bosom,  
Saw his face was ashy pale.

Like a flash and all was over,  
Smothered in the hissing steam,  
Jef lay dead, at home I wakened  
From an awful troubled dream.

When the solgers were a marching,  
Tearful, to the cemet'ry ;  
Yesterday I strewed some posies  
On the grave of Jef McCrea.

## WHIP-POOR-WILL.

"W<sup>HIP</sup> — poor — will,  
Whip — whip — poor — will" —  
You'd better never try it,  
Because my Papa, he  
Don't 'low such wicked birds  
To talk so cross to me,  
When I have learned my lessons  
And helped my sister Nell  
To draw her maps and cipher,  
To rock the crib and spell.

Why, now, when comes the twilight,  
The woods are dark and still,  
Although I never see you,  
You want to whip "poor Will."  
I s'pose you have much pity  
The way you sing it too,  
I'm sure the mournin' raincrow  
Is not so bad as you ;  
For every night I heard you,  
And ev'ry night I say,  
" As long as you keep hollerin'  
I wished you'd fly away."

" Whip — poor — will,  
Whip — whip — poor — will "  
I wished you'd call me Willie ;  
For mamma calls me that,  
And all the harvest workers  
' Way out on Wilson's flat;  
For when I carry water  
They pat me on the head  
And call me little Willie boy  
An' never Will instead.

My mamma never whips me,  
And uncle George, said he  
When home from Philadelphia,  
" Come sit upon my knee."  
An' then he told a story  
About the whip-poor-wills  
That every night were scolding  
Among the cedar hills,  
And how they kept him dreaming,  
About a little child  
Lost way out on the mountains  
Among the cedars wild.

“ Whip — poor — will,  
Whip — whip — poor — will ; ”  
“ They’d better never mind it ”  
Is what aunt Katy said,  
And uncle George won’t ’low it,  
And so won’t uncle Fred.  
I’m pretty sure our teacher  
Would never hear to that,  
Nor the men I carry water to  
Way out on Wilson’s Flat.

I guess I am a good boy,  
An’ never fret an’ tease,  
Run ’round at nights an’ holler  
An’ do just as I please ;  
Because I have a mamma  
An’ papa that are good,  
An’ help ’em night an’ mornin’  
To chop the kindling wood ;  
Although it kind o’ ’noys me  
That sound among the hills,  
I guess there ain’t no danger  
In the noisy whip-poor-wills.

## THE WOOLLY WORM.

WHO built your fires last winter  
To keep you snug and warm,  
An’ tucked you in a blanket,  
And shielded you from harm ?

Who made your little hammock  
And wove it in and out,  
With just the finest satin  
So downy like and stout ?

And when the big icicles  
Were hanging on the roof,  
Who slept through all the winter  
In a cozy little woof ?

'Twas you ; and how'd I know it ?  
Because our teacher said,  
When comes the wintry weather  
You'd cover up your head.

And now your sleep is over,  
I like to see you squirm,  
Wooly, wooly, wooly,  
Little wooly worm.

It must be very tiresome  
Away up in the trees,  
Among the bugs and spiders,  
I thought you'd surely freeze,

All crumpled in a basket  
And hanging by a thread ;  
'Twas round like auntie's thimble,  
"Would go inside," she said.

While all the birds were singing  
And everything was bright,  
You wakened up one morning  
And crept out in the light.

The spider cast his anchor,  
The snail crawled from his shed,  
The big black beetle scrambled  
From out his wintry bed.



And they are just as happy  
As you when e'er you squirm,  
Wooly, wooly, wooly,  
Little wooly worm.

I wonder little wooly  
If you are not afraid  
To creep out from the rushes,  
And leave the forest shade ?

The big black birds are waiting,  
(Big yaller hammers too)  
You'd better watch the sparrows  
Or they'll gobble you.

The robin and the finches  
Are out upon the wing ;  
But don't forget it wooly,  
The sparrow now, is king.

He takes the farmer's raisings,  
And scratches in the ground ;  
And all the other songsters  
He chases 'round and 'round.

Big black crows are cawing,  
The hawk is screaming too ;  
I wonder little wooly  
If they are after you ?

O, no ; they fear the sparrows,  
Who'll ketch you while you squirm,  
Wooly, wooly, wooly,  
Little wooly worm.

## HOW TO BURN A HEAP.

**D** ID you ever burn a heap  
When the moon was hid,  
While the stars were all asleep,  
And the katydid  
Sang around the blazing fire ?  
I would like to show  
All the little boys and girls,  
If they'd like to know,  
How to burn a heap.

When the wind is blowing mild,  
This is how you do :  
Rake a heap of leaves and grass,  
And the blaze renew  
With a stick of yellow pine ;  
Get a knotty chunk,  
When it blazes pretty well,  
Take a piece of punk,  
Then you blow the fire.

O, so careful you must be ;  
For the spark 'll fly,  
Snap and sparkle in the air,  
Maybe hit your eye ;  
Watch your curls and eyebrows too,  
If the wind does blow ;  
While the fire is rising high,  
And your cheeks aglow,  
Never mind the smoke.

Blaze 'll kiss you if it can,  
Singe your winkers too ;  
And your face'll be as red  
As a cinder too ;

An' the smoke 'll bring the tears  
Quicker than a wink,  
And before the heap is burnt,  
You'll want a drink,  
While you burn a heap.

When the heap is burning nice,  
Leave the woods and go  
Way out on the hills and see  
How the fire does glow.  
It's a very pretty sight  
When the stars are hid,  
And the moon is out of sight  
And the katydid  
Chirrup in the night.

When the center is burnt out  
Then you throw it in ;  
If you wipe the tears away,  
Then you black your chin.  
It is fun to burn a heap,  
If you do it right  
When the whip-poor-wills are out  
Singing in the night.

## WISHED I WERE A BIG BOY.

**W**ISHED I were a big boy  
Like Uncle John and Fred ;  
I'd show you how to skate  
And ride a jumper sled.

And I would make a snowman  
High up like a tree,  
Much bigger 'an any jiant  
'At ever you did see.

An' when the winter's over,  
I'd show you in the spring  
How to take a clothesline,  
And make a great big swing.

I wished I were a big boy  
You would n't see me here ;  
I'd be a Rob'si'n Crusoe,  
Or a sailor without fear.

An' hunt out West for injuns  
An' I would kill a deer,  
An' go 'way out in Texas  
To ketch a big wild steer.

W'ight by the horns I'd hold him,  
For he could n't get away,  
Wish'd I were a big boy,  
I'll show you how some day.

Wish'd I were a big boy  
A blacksmith I'd like to be,  
And O, a good bit better  
Than a sailor out at sea.

I'll make the bellows rattle  
And shoe in a smoky room ;  
And make the hammers say  
"Ping ! ping !" and the anvil, "boom !"

Wished I were a big boy  
I would n't then be teased,  
And Ma would never scold me ;  
For she'd be O, so pleased,  
If I were stout an' manly  
And dressed up with a tile,

A bowin' 'round an' 'pearin  
With a broad up in G smile  
And owned a big car-line  
A half a hundred mile ;  
I 'xpect I'd be a feelin'  
Like gettin' up some style.

If I were just a big boy  
Like Uncle John and Fred,  
And owned a team of horses  
A pony and a sled,

I'd show the city fellers  
How to make a spread ;  
Wished I were a big boy  
Like Uncle John and Fred.

## AN EVENING LULLABY.

THE day is done and in the west  
The afterglow is gleaming,  
And sweet the nestlings are at rest  
'Neath downy wings are dreaming,  
The owl hoots in the thicket drear,  
In the elm his vigils keeping,  
While mother sings in tones so clear  
And baby lies half sleeping :  
Sleep, sleep, gently sleep,  
While the owls their vigils keep,  
Idly dreaming,  
Moonbeams gleaming,  
While my baby lies asleep.

The soothing notes in cadence fall,  
And vesper bells are ringing.  
Dear Mamma sings a madrigal  
While baby's arms are clinging.  
Nocturnal winds are howling drear,  
And rippling waves are flowing,  
Still Mamma sings to baby dear  
With rapture overflowing:  
Sleep, sleep, gently sleep  
While the stars from heaven peep,  
Wake not dearie,  
You are weary,  
Sleep my baby, gently sleep.

## THE RAINBOW.

*(From The German Of Schiller).*

A BRIDGE of pearl is built  
High o'er a crystal tarn ;  
In a moment it appears,  
High in the sky she's born.

The ships with highest masts  
Beneath her form doth steer ;  
No man e'er crossed that bow,  
It runs when you go near.

'Twas made of misty showers  
And disappears on high,  
Now speak, whence came the bridge ?  
Who set it in the sky ?

## THE BUMBLE BEE.

BUMBLE, bumble, bumble bee,  
Built a nest in the root of a tree ;  
Lizzie and Tot and Alice and May  
Drove Mr. Bumble Bee away.  
Next day Bumble Bee came back  
Bringing a wife in yellow and black,  
They hummed and buzzed in the greatest glee,  
And settled down in the root of a tree,

Bizz,  
Bizz,  
Zip!

Bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble bee,  
Soon has a family in the tree,  
Lizzie and Tot and Alice and May  
Are going to drive them off some day ;  
Soon little bumble bees hatch out  
And the little girls run to the tree with a shout  
And "boom ! boom ! boom !" comes bumble bee  
With Mrs. Bumble out of the tree

Bizz,  
Bizz,  
Zip !

They sting little Tot, and she cries "O !"  
And Uncle Jake runs and drops his hoe,  
And hides wee Tot and May in the row.  
The little girls never sigh or frown,  
While the little bumble bees fly down  
And creep all over ' Lizabeth's gown ;  
For the little bumbles can not sting,  
All they care is to hum and sing :

Bizz,  
Bizz,  
Zip !

## YOU'D BETTER MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

YOU 'D better mind your P's and Q's ;  
For mamma says its best  
For children not to talk too much,  
And be a reg'lar pest.  
And Granny says it isn't nice  
For girls to romp and race,  
Like gypsies with their fairy locks  
All down about their face,  
A whoopin ' an ' a-hollerin'  
All 'round about the place.

If I were you I would n't be  
So very, very bad,  
A cryin' an' a poutin'  
An' making Auntie sad.

I mind the time when I was cross  
An' Papa often said,  
He wished ' at ma u'd whip me good  
An' send me off to bed,  
Where the Boogy Man an' everything  
Is sure to pop his head.

But now I mind my P's and Q's  
An' cousin Alice too,  
Who tells me I am very bad  
To frown and holler "boo !"  
When ev'ry thing is out of gear  
An' not in proper place,  
An' my whistle gets a frog,  
And I have a dirty face,  
As black as Lizzie's ribbon there  
In the b'uro case.



First thing a feller thinks  
When a gettin' bad  
Might need the leather strap  
Or the hick'ry gad,  
That's why you ought to mind  
When you're put to bed,  
Just be a good girl  
And do as Granny said ;  
"Allus mind your P's and Q's  
An' cover up your head."

## THE POUTING GIRL.

I S'POSE you think like Auntie  
Who tells me every day,  
That I should be a good girl  
And never frown at play,  
And cry when little cousin  
Comes to our house to stay.

I s'pose that it is proper,  
But did you ever find  
A girl who would n't pout a bit?  
Was always good and kind  
And never thought of saying  
"You'd better never mind."

Well, sometimes when it's raining  
I get so awful vexed  
At John who breaks my dollies,  
He makes me so perplexed  
I jest go right to cryin'  
An' wonder what comes next.

An' when the cryin's over  
My eyes are nearly blind,  
John laughs behind the sofa  
An' Ma says, "never mind"  
While I cry worse an' ever  
An' tear the winder blind.

An' it comes down a-thumpin'  
Upon the parlor floor,  
It makes the worstest racket  
Pa runs into the door,  
And sends me to the kitchen  
An' I cry more an' more.

Ma scolds and blames my Papa  
For whippin' me an' I,  
Jest listen to 'em talking  
And then forget to cry,  
An' John an' I together  
Runs out an' plays "I spy."

## MAMMA I'S TIRED.

**D**IMLY falls the twilight  
Over hill and lea,  
And a mother hearkens  
To her daughters three.

"Mamma are you weary?"  
Whispers little May  
As the lamplight glitters  
On her locks of gray.

And the mother answers  
With a pleasant smile,  
"Only just a little,  
I will rest a while."

Softly whispers Milly,  
"Put your books away ;  
You are tired dear mamma,  
I am tired of play."

Softly whispers Nettie  
Mother's heart to cheer,  
"Rest to-night dear mamma,  
You are tired my dear."

Mamma's heart is happy  
When her work is done ;  
For her little daughters'  
Sympathy hath won.

## THE TWO HARPS.

A HARPER played a pleasing tune  
And when 'twas finished, spoke a maid:  
"Had I an instrument," she said,  
"Then I with minstrels might commune."

"Thou hast a sweeter harp than mine,  
We hearken, lady, to thy word;  
Fair poetess naught is there heard,  
From instrument that's so divine.

"I play my harp amid the throng  
And cheer the poor, the rich, the wise,  
Thy fancy mounts up to the skies  
Thou cheer'st the world with Harp of song."

## LITTLE COO.

PAPA'S darling is little Coo ;  
His cheeks are red and his eyes are blue ;  
He sits to-night in his little chair  
While mamma brushes his flaxen hair  
And sings to Coo a tender strain  
And baby coos and coos again.  
    Laugh little Coo  
    You must not cry ;  
    While in mamma's  
    Arms you lie ;  
Coo my child the livelong day  
    Coo little darling,  
        Coo, coo, coo.

Mamma's darling is little Coo  
With eyes as bright as the morning dew ;  
The soft wind ruffles his silver hair,  
While he sits and coos in his little chair,  
Sweet to mother the child doth cling,  
While mamma and papa together sing :  
    Sleep little Coo  
    Till break of day ;  
    Wake little darling  
    When you may  
Then a song we'll sing to you  
    Coo little darling  
        Coo, coo, coo.

## ARMS.

EVERY shield  
In time will yield,  
Tho' hammered round  
With Vulcan's pound,  
Every heart  
Receives a dart;  
Tho' clad with steel,  
Strong pangs must feel.

Each city wall  
Some day will fall;  
Time rules o'er all.  
Things of spice  
Go, in a trice;  
But he's armed thrice  
Who hath the price.

## THE TWO TRAVELERS.

TWO weary travelers met one night  
While journeying on their way;  
And from their steeds they did alight;  
For both had gone astray.

An orient city each had sought  
From morning until eve;  
And as the journey came to naught,  
Each did his fate aggrieve.

One spake, "We must not tarry here;  
For friends will mourn us dead;  
The narrow path to right I fear  
Is not for one to tread."

The other, "Narrow is the way  
Which leadeth unto life ;  
Haste now ! Pursue ! do not delay ;  
For broad's the way to strife."

One veered his steed unto the left  
A weary road to find ;  
By all his friends was e'er bereft ;  
For he to Truth was blind.

The other steered unto right  
And e'er the smiling day,  
The city found with Rest and Light,  
With friends to live for aye.

There are two paths my little ones  
In life which you may go,  
'Tis best to choose the wisest plan  
And Truth the way will show.

## THE AFTERGLOW.

THE twilight now is falling  
O'er hill, the vale and lea ;  
The shepherds are out calling  
While the flocks skip merrily.

The meadow brook is glinting  
With glances of the moon ;  
And bright the sun is tinting  
The clouds with red festoon.

The evening bells are ringing  
In the little country town ;  
The birds have ceased their singing  
In the treetop sere and brown.

And out upon the ocean  
The sun gleams on the sail  
Of a ship which has no motion,  
Last night was in a gale,

And still the shadows lengthen  
Till the afterglow is done ;  
Sweet rest, the toilers strengthen,  
Till the rising of the sun.

## WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

I WANDERED by the stream to-day,  
And thought of all the joys  
That did our childish cares allay  
When we were romping boys.

In whirls of light I saw the leaves  
Descend to browning heaps,  
And faded, crisp as yellow sheaves  
The upland farmer reaps.

I heard the clanging of the hoofs  
And strangers were they all  
Who drove the panting steed aloof  
The boiling waterfall.

They halted where I mused alone  
Beside the little brook  
Where oft from mother I had gone  
With fishing rod and hook.

Although they smiled and questioned me  
It seemed so very strange  
I could not laugh as they in glee,  
And cheerful words exchange.

Now perished are the pretty flowers  
That grew upon the hill  
Which I in idle summer hours  
So cherished with a will.

They once were our delight, but now  
The flowers and hemlock trees  
No more do grace the hillock's brow  
The valley or the leas.

Where once a leafy forest smiled  
The fire with heated breath  
Hath swept the rugged heather wild,  
The rose-bay droops in death.

And thus to-day I mused alone,  
While O, I longed to hear  
The voices of my playmates gone,  
And friends I loved so dear.

## WILDA AND HILDA.

TWO little blossoms grew on a tree,  
Rocked by the breeze and kissed by the  
sun ;  
I plucked them both, they are faded now,  
And I know not which was the brighter  
one.

Two little snowflakes fell to the earth,  
They are melted now by the glowing sun ;  
But the wingéd pixies of sky and air  
Ne'er told me which was the fairest one.



Two little sisters grow side by side,  
As the orchard blossoms kissed by the sun ;  
And one is Wilda, the other Hilda,  
But tell me which is the fairest one ?

Ask of the fairies that flit in the trees  
And they will tell you the fairest one,  
If they know who's Wilda, and who is Hilda  
As they dance about in the glowing sun ?

## THINK OF ME ONCE IN AWHILE, LITTLE BOY.

**A**RE you going to leave us so soon little  
boy ?

I fear we shall miss you to-day ;  
And will you not think of me once in awhile,  
When you, little boy, are away ?

And you must remember the romps that we had,  
And don't you forget of the games, little lad  
We played in the past time and all of the joy,  
O, think of me once in awhile, little boy.

O, think of me once in awhile, little boy,  
You came with a sweet sunny smile ;  
And now you are going to leave us to-day  
O, think of me once in awhile.

Your cheek is as red as the rose on the lea,  
May it never be blanched when you sail o'er  
the sea  
To the land of the vine, which your brothers  
enjoy,  
O, think of me once in awhile little boy.

I know you are tired of your toys little boy,  
So now you may put them away ;  
Lock them up in the little red desk in the room,  
Tell mamma you're tired of play.

And will you remember what I have to say,  
My dear little boy, when you are away ?  
Ev'ry naughty emotion I wish you destroy,  
And think of me once in awhile little boy.

Farewell, little boy it seems you must go,  
Just think of me once in awhile ;  
You are so reluctant to start, but I see  
In your sweet little face a bright smile.

May the dreams of thy youth be of purest  
delight,  
And thy manner be ever so true and polite,  
And I pray that few cares will come to annoy  
Thy bright little spirit, my dear little boy.

## ENIGMA.

RIFE is the morning of the poet's fame,  
Noteworthy men begin their lives as free ;  
Robin and merle harmonious notes proclaim,  
And in their carols seem to vie with thee.  
A moon-lit night I met thee in a dream  
Where greening trees were tipped with silver  
dew ;  
By nature's pulse the glinting little stream  
Did e'er sing sweetly there to me, to you.  
We saw the fabled river and its gold  
That poets famed Pactolus long ago ;

With songs sincere which are becoming old,  
In our age now those verses do not grow.  
Sing poet, sing, how sweet it is to sing  
Of mead and trees, with gentle thoughts of  
spring.

NOTE—The hidden name in the above sonnet may be found by spelling the first letter in the first line with the second letter in the second line, the third with the third, and so on down, ending in the fourteenth line.

## HIS BENEFICENCE.

**B**ENEFICENCE of God the world doth tell ;  
Where'er we turn our eyes we do behold  
The grasses green and crystal tides that swell  
In wood and vale, O, wonders to behold.  
O'er all His works His goodness doth extend,  
Toward every rank His mercies are displayed ;  
The sun, the moon, and stars their beauty send,  
And all the earth of life and light is made.  
His wisdom in the meanest flower is seen,  
The brooklet sings His praise and dripping rain  
Which falls upon the pastures sweet and green,  
Rejoice with all the hills in sweet refrain ;  
He framed the universe that we might live  
And sweetest songs of praise to Him might give.

## WHEN GRANNY PUTS HER NIGHTCAP ON.

WHEN Granny puts her nightcap on  
We chat with her, and so  
She tells us fairy stories too,  
Just like we did n't know  
There are no fairies in the world ;  
She can't fool me and Jim,  
But Ikey believes such awful stuff  
Her stories ketches him.

Now some night when he goes to bed  
He'll think of all 'at granny said,  
And go a screamin' thro' the hall,  
And slide clear down the banisters  
'An scare the nurse, his big sisters  
'Nd Pa 'nd Ma and me and all.

Might think there's wigglers in the trees  
And that the paper on the wall  
Has got a great big awful face  
With horns like cattle in the stall,  
When Granny puts 'er nightcap on  
We know its going to rain ;  
For 'neath her chin she ties a bow  
And then she tells us plain  
That it's November month and time  
For children to stay in,  
To keep our shoes as dry 's we can  
Because the soles are thin.

And it is time our summer shoes  
Were being cast aside,  
And time for bran new boots to wear  
With heavy soles supplied ;  
For when the ice is on the ground  
Of course we'll have a slide.

When Granny puts 'er nightcap on  
She's so pertickler 'bout our gear,  
She ties a hood around my neck  
And calls fer John to "Come right here !"  
And John minds Granny, comes along,  
He whimpers tho', says "It's a sin  
'Cause playin' marvel in the mud  
Is best and can't stay in."

When Granny puts her nightcap on  
Some day we'll drop a tear  
When she is resting in her bed  
And with her hands she moves the spread,  
And drops it motionless  
Some day too soon I fear.

## THE LAP OF LUXURY.

"**S** EDITION lies within the lap  
Of Luxury," 'tis said ;  
But puss thinks 'tis a grave mistake  
When she with milk is fed.

Or when into the larder bold,  
With cautious step she goes,  
To poke into the snowy cream  
Her pinkish little nose.

"The lap of Luxury, O, dear  
For me 'tis very fine  
When a dish of milk's before me  
And I begin to dine."

## SIS.

SIS is this an' Sis is that  
And Sis is oft the tother ;  
Sis thinks she knows about as much  
As me and Pa an' Mother  
All together.

When Pa an' sister Min comes home  
They give her all the candy,  
An' then she laughs an' looks at me  
An' says: "Aint I a dandy?"  
Then I get cross.

I mus 'nt cry the leastest bit  
When Sis takes up the ashes  
An' spills 'em on my toys an' things,  
Or breaks my cart to smashes.

But ef her playhouse I go in  
An' rattle down the dishes,  
She runs me out with clubs and stones  
An' does jes' what she wishes,  
But I don't care.

One time I hid her china doll  
Where she could hardly find it,  
An' when she found it in the trunk  
She laughed and did n't mind it.

But when I nailed it to a tree  
Out in the orchard clover ;  
She cried an' took a stick to me  
And whipped me sound all over.  
But I don't care,  
She can't hurt me.

She thinks because I am a boy  
And she a little smaller,  
That I must mind her all the time,  
Be whipped an' never holler,

But Ma says I'm too big to cry  
And tease my little sister,  
That ef I mind her after while  
The boys 'll call me Mister ;  
Then  
I'll  
Crow !

## QUESTIONS.

NETTY.

WHO made the moon so round and white ?  
The little stars that shine at night ?  
And why, mamma, do the cool winds blow ?  
And rains come down and the rivers flow ?

MOTHER.

God made the stars and moon so white,  
And the sun my child that giveth light,  
The winds which blow and the rains that fall,  
He made dear Nettie, and rules o'er all.

FANNY.

Did He make the sea and the clear blue sky ?  
The rainbow, too, that shines on high ?  
The golden sheaves the farmers glean ?  
And great tall trees and grasses green ?

MOTHER.

Yes, Fanny, God made the grass to grow,  
He made the sky and the bright rainbow,  
The golden sheaves in the uplands wild,  
And the great tall trees in the woods, my child.

ALL.

Now shall we know to sing His praise  
Who night and day the world surveys ;  
Supplies our wants with fostering hand,  
And sheweth mercy o'er all the land.

## HELLO, LITTLE BOY.

**H**ELLO, little boy  
With the bright sparkling eyes,  
Come sit on my knee, here remain  
To hear the old story about Santa Claus.  
I have seen you before, it is plain ;  
For sweetly you smile and look at me so,  
O, yes, I have met you before ah, I know  
Hello, little boy,  
Hello !

Do you hear little boy  
The wind at the pane ?  
I wonder what Santa 'll do,  
If the storm drifts the snow high over the fence,  
O, how will he ever get through ?  
I'm sure I don't know,  
Say, do you ?

I see little boy  
You are waiting for him,  
I think he will be here to-night ;  
Just hang up your stockings and creep into bed,  
And Santa will make it all right.  
You can't hear him come down the chimney O,  
no ;



And the horns and the whistles he brings he  
won't blow.

For he is so tricky  
You know.

Good night, little boy,  
You must keep your eyes shut  
If Papa gets up in the night  
To see if old Santa has brought 'round again  
Some toys for the children's delight.  
And if you see Mamma put toys on the tree,  
O, don't let them know that you hear or you see  
And laugh out and giggle  
"Tee-hee."

## LITTLE SILVER LOCKS.

**O**NE bright spring morning as the sun  
Its daily course had just begun,  
A happy little maid of four  
Had wandered from the kitchen door,  
And softly down the shady street  
She pattered with her little feet.

### CHORUS

Patter, patter, little feet,  
Going down the shady street,  
Cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,  
Mamma's little fairy girl.

Her chubby little hands she raised  
And greeted all the folks who gazed.  
Her silver locks streamed in the wind ;  
For 'round her form no cloak was pinned,  
But carried o'er her little head  
Her Mamma's parasol instead.

CHORUS.

Patter, patter, little feet, etc.

A minister there chanced to meet  
The little maid upon the street  
And queried : " Who are you my child ?"  
The little one looked up and smiled.  
" If you would know my name is Pearl  
And I am Mamma's little girl."

CHORUS.

Patter, patter, little feet, etc.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

**H**OW dear to me is the old elm tree  
That stands by the roadside lone ;  
With arms outstretched it talks to me  
Of years of care that are gone.

Long years ago my mother mused there  
Under the old elm tree ;  
As a May-queen crowned with roses fair  
With brothers and sisters played she.

The grass is green 'neath the old elm tree  
Where ivies their tendrils twine ;  
O mother, it beckons in vain to thee.  
The old elm tree thy shrine.

O sing to me of the stately tree  
Ye assuasive airs of morn,  
While lambkins skip in the meadows free,  
And the throstle pipes in the corn.

Awake into music the drooping sprays.  
Sweep gently the leafy lyre,  
As the Muse who sang in olden days.  
The souls of kings to inspire.

I love to sing of the old tree now ;  
For mother has gone away,  
Sweet memories haunt the shady bough  
Of the dear old elm to-day.

## A LITTLE MOUSE LIVED IN A COCOA SHELL.

ONCE there lived a little mouse  
In a pretty little house,  
Had a little nest as cute as cute  
could be ;  
And he lived on cheese and bread,  
Scraps that Towser left when fed,  
And no other mice fared half as well  
as he.

Said a little country mouse  
“ May I come into your house ? ”  
“ No ; you sha’n’t Sir ; for the truth to you  
I’ll tell  
You are not as good as me ;  
For you can’t afford it, see ?  
To live within a little cocoa shell.”

Said the little country mouse,  
“ Sorrow will come into your house ;  
For Towser said to me the other day,  
If I’d send to him a rat,  
He would surely bring a cat  
To dine on you whenever I should say.”

So the little city mouse  
Living in his stylish house,  
    Ne'er heeded what his brother mouse did  
    say,  
Till at last there came a rat,  
And old Towser brought a cat,  
    Which stole him from his cocoa house  
    away.

## THE HOOSIER ON DRESS.

I 'AINT pertickler like some air  
    The way I dress you know ;  
    "It ain't the close that makes the man,"  
    I learnt that long ago.

As Grandpa ust to tell me  
    W'en I wuz a boy,  
A feller allus feels the best  
    Drest up in cord'roy.

It'll jes' be sump'in funny  
    Ef you ketch 'im on the street,  
'Cept Sund'y or Memor'al Day  
    In finery so neat.

It ain't the ones thet dresses best  
    Thet gets the most to do ;  
Fer Lincoln wuz a "rail-splitter"  
    And went to Congress, too.

F'r instance, Horace Greeley, why  
    He never dressed at all  
Like people thought he ought to  
    When he made a social call.

They say he made more jokes an' fun  
Than any in the crowd,  
Because he did n't have the turn  
Of allus bein' proud.

It ain't the close thet makes the man  
Like some they think it is,  
Its jes' the way you act in 'em  
That takes the eye o' Liz.

## LITTLE BILL.

I WAIT to-night fo' little Bill,  
But he done come no mo' to me,  
De sun is goin' down de hill,  
My eyes wiv tea's begin to fill ;  
Fo' little Bill I can not see,  
Ain' no little boy to take my han'  
In his, " Papa, I'm yo' little man,"  
An' when I come to home he say,  
" Papa yo' wuk to ha'd to-day."

I laf'd right out an' he laf too  
When he sho'd his arms so big and strong,  
" I want to wuk in de mine wiv you "  
Next day he coaxed to go along,  
Now de tea's dey come and 'gi'me pain,  
Befo' he went I laf' in glee  
An took my little boy on my knee,  
But little Bill nebber come home again.

He druv de mule in de " Wildcat Den "  
Where the slate rattled down on de rail below,  
But de danger dare little Bill did n't know,  
When de rats squealed out like de pig in de pen ;

I heard de fall and de brakeman shout,  
My little boy cried an de light went out,  
But de light ob his spirit is shinin' on high,  
An' he waits up dare fo' me by an' by.

My ha't am a stone when I go to bed,  
My ha't am a stone when I wuk by day,  
An' all dat I hea' de dull tools say  
When I wuk alone — "Little Bill is dead."  
De snow falls down on his little grave,  
De sleet sifts t'ro' de cedar trees,  
An' out on a pole in de cole cole breeze  
Little Bill's shirt fo' a scare crow waves.

What do I fin' in de bur' o drawer?  
A faded jacket and "tick-tack-spool,"  
A little red kite 'n measur'n rule,  
But little Bill ain't comin' hea' no more  
To spin his top an' his kite to fly,  
Little Bill's home is in de sky,  
Little Bill's crossed to de odda shore  
Da' to dwell wid de angels free,  
An' now little Bill's a-waitin' fo' me.

## THE BUTCHERMAN.

THE butcherman comes to our house,  
He brings some little boys ;  
I take 'em to the orchard lot  
And show 'em all my toys.

An' boost 'em up the ole plum tree  
' N tell 'em not to fall,  
An' fill their pockets full of plums  
And then they say, "That's all."

But when he brings a city Miss  
My sister's nearly wild  
A racin' up an' down the road  
With the little city child.

Somehow Sis is so awful mean  
An' says she does n't 'low  
Such boys as me join in the fun,  
I'll tell you anyhow,

The city Miss don't care one bit  
But grins 'n looks at me,  
Ma hears a racket on the porch  
An' comes out doors to see.

Sis pouts an' tells on me an' I  
Can't see a thing I've done,  
An' when the butcherman comes in  
Out to the lot they run.

I listen to a lot of talk  
Grandma comes in and so  
She nods her head and looks at Pa,  
Says, "mus'n't low your stock to go

So cheap," an' then Pa winks an I  
Go to the field for Dan ;  
At last they make a bargain there  
Right with the butcherman.

My banty rooster runs and hides  
Behind the gran'ry chist,  
An' when the rest are caught and tied,  
Pa says there is one missed.

Then hints about the little lambs  
How too they all must go,  
And sends me to the pastur' field  
To bring boss up, and so

He takes our little pets away,  
Goes whistlin' down the lane ;  
Sis cries ; Ma says, " Hush dear."  
To all it's very plain  
The cruel, cruel butcherman  
Was at our house again.

## WHEN THE LAMPS ARE LIT.

WHEN the lamps are lit in the village  
And the stars are lit in the sky  
And the owls go " Woo " in the forest  
And the bats begin to fly,  
There are sounds we hear in the thicket  
With rapture the soul doth fill,  
'Tis the song of the nightingale  
And the plaintive whip-poor-will,  
The cricket's hurdy gurdy  
And the little froggie's trill.

## UNDER THE CHANDELIER.

"GOOD NIGHT,"  
Two children whisper to mother dear  
While she pauses to read 'neath the  
chandelier ;  
Her cares are banished and work is done ;



Two little children at set of sun  
Steal from the hallway up the stair,  
Just for a moment they linger there,  
Smile and whisper to Mamma with cheer,  
    “Good night, Mamma, dear.”

“Good night  
Good night Mamma,” their prayers are said,  
Two little voices are hushed in bed,  
While the nightingales in the forests sing  
And the big owls hoot and the bats on wing  
Are flying about in the stilly air,  
While Margie and Mattie are sleeping there ;  
For they have whispered to Mamma with  
    cheer,  
    “Good night Mamma dear.”

### TO-DAY.

**B**RAVELY do your duty now  
Ere to-morrow doth appear ;  
Make an earnest steadfast vow,  
And each heart thou shalt endear.

’Tis your duty to begin,  
In the prime of life to sow  
Seeds of kindness, thou shalt win  
Back the heart of every foe.

As the dew upon the flower  
With its radiant beams of light,  
Or the cedar of the bower,  
Crowned with sparkling gems of light,

Or the lily of the field  
In its bright and pure array,  
So the heart that doth not yield,  
But acts with a will to-day.

## LITTLE TOPSY TURVEY.

LITTLE Topsy Turvey  
Sits upon my knee,  
Brighter little curly head  
Did you ever see ?

Laughing in the morning  
When the sun is bright,  
Waking when the song-birds  
Chirrup with delight.

Mamma's little Fairy,  
Darling little sprite,  
Tosses little curly head  
Cooing all his might.

Little flaxen ringlets  
Tossing in the breeze,  
Why is baby smiling,  
Tell me what he sees ?

Little Topsy Turvey  
Sees a humming bee,  
Buzzing on the windowpane.  
Laughing now in glee.

When did little baby  
Ever smile before ?  
At the great awakening,  
Smiles of God he wore.

## JINGLE, JINGLE, TO JINGLE TOWN.

**G**RANDPA hitches to the sleigh  
Old red Robin every day ;  
Off he scampers thro' the snow,  
Bells a-ringing as we go,  
Flakes a-flying thro' the air ;  
Grandpa whispers, " Boys, take care  
Not so rapid ; for I fear  
As Granny says, " The hoss'll skeer ; "  
Winks 'n nudges John again  
Then he tightens up the rein ;  
Bells air ringing right behin'  
" Goin' to pass us ? " 'N your min',  
Ole red Robin judges not,  
Quickens to a lively trot,  
Right ahead he races down  
Jingle, Jingle, to Jingle Town.

Cracks the whip and off we go  
Bounding o'er the gleaming snow ;  
Not a bump to mar our ease  
Sailing in the morning breeze,  
Brightly shines the sun on high,  
Valleys gleaming as the sky,  
Gemmed serenely with the stars  
Ere morn leaves her gate ajar.  
Down the dale and o'er the hill  
Zephyrs skurry at their will.  
Voices answer at the mill  
Answer to the sleigh bell's trill,  
Sending thro' our veins a thrill,  
Every heart with joy they fill ;  
And we laugh as we go down,  
Jingle, Jingle, to Jingle Town.

“Get up Robin,” Grandpa cries,  
“We will give ’em a surprise.”  
“Tell you ’tis this way with me  
When I drive out I like ter see  
Perliteness everywhere — ’tis well  
’Specially in a narrow dell ;  
With these fellers ’taint the case,  
They think it’s smart to chase and race,  
And pass at every vacant place ;  
Then they brag about the gait  
Their hosses made, and pat old Kate  
For whoopin’ up at sech a rate.  
Now w’ere goin’ look-e here,  
We’re a-beatin’ never fear ;

Horses prancin’ in the rear  
Driver gettin’ on his ear ;  
Fer ole Robin’s comin’ down  
Jingle, Jingle, to Jingle Town.

## DON'T CRY LITTLE GIRL.

**D**ON'T cry little girl  
They have wounded your heart I know  
And are causing your tears to flow  
And thy trouble is hard to bear  
(Sorrow, worry, and care).  
And thy tears I know are hard to dry,  
Never mind it child,  
Don't cry little girl  
Don't cry.

Don't cry little girl  
It is n't the jewels fine  
And costly ribbons they twine,  
Nor ever satin and lace  
Will give you the "highest place"  
When the trumpet is sounded here ;  
Hush little girl and dry your tear,  
    Never mind it child,  
    Don't cry little girl,  
        Don't cry.

Don't cry little girl  
There is hope in the world for you  
Tho' subtle the charms in view  
For the vain and lofty mind ;  
Don't weep little girl, be kind,  
Sorrow will flee away,  
And you'll be happy to-day,  
    Never mind little child,  
    Don't cry little girl,  
        Don't cry.

Don't cry little girl,  
It isn't the things you wear  
It's the sweet little earnest prayer  
That wins the world for you,  
And now will you dry your tear ?  
Do you hear little girl, do you hear ?  
    Never mind dear child,  
    Don't cry little girl,  
        Don't cry.

## LITTLE MATTIE.

**D**ID you hear the wildwood ringing?  
Happy voices far away;  
Merry children sweetly singing  
In the mellow wood to-day.

Lightly tripping down the valley,  
Playmates hasting on before,  
Little Mattie stoops to dally  
'Neath a leafy sycamore.

Moonbeams glisten on the mosses  
Hanging o'er the rugged ledge,  
Spume from upper falls embosses  
Drooping lilies in the sedge.

Mattie sees the dimples waver  
In the bubbling mountain spring,  
Hears the bending branches quaver,  
While the autumn zephyrs ring.

In his hollow darkened chamber,  
Sits the night-bird crooning low;  
In the star-lit water gleaming,  
Sways the silver moon below.

"O, the sand is bright with treasures,  
In the little river's bed."  
Whispers Mattie, "Here are treasures,  
Angels sent from worlds o'erhead."

As a shining mirror hidden  
In the pool adown the hill,  
There the emulating waters,  
Still are flowing with a trill.

## TAKE CARE, LITTLE FELLOW.

TAKE care, little fellow,  
You'll stub your toe ;  
And if you don't mind  
You'll hardly know  
It's done till it's done,  
It'll be so numb  
And it'll smart so ;  
Oh, Oh !  
Take care, little fellow,  
You'll stub your toe.

Take care little fellow  
There's thorns in the way,  
And just enough poison  
To hurt all day ;  
If the sharp jagger breaks  
O my goodness sakes !  
The patience it takes ;  
And you'll cry, yes, I know  
O, Oh !  
Take care little fellow  
You'll stub your toe.

Take care little fellow  
You'll stub your toe ;  
And your mamma you know  
'Ll just haft to blow  
Right on the bruised sore  
Till you won't cry no more ;  
O, Oh !  
Take care little fellow  
You'll stub your toe.

## SKYWARD.

**B**EHOLD, a lark soars in the air,  
Its wings are tipped with silver wed;  
And while it warbles, everywhere  
The humblest birds their songs renew.

Thus few may climb to heights of fame  
As the lark that soars and sings on high ;  
While many for riches seek,— a name  
And dreaming, build castles in the sky.

## BEAUTIFUL BLENNERHASSETT ISLAND.

**B**EAUTIFUL Blennerhassett  
Island in verdure dressed ;  
Softly the breezes whisper  
Over thy gentle breast.  
Beautiful, beautiful island  
Gem of the river bright  
Sleeping beneath the moonbeams,  
Waking in the sunlight.  
Beautiful, beautiful island  
Oft have I dreamed of thee,—  
Of thee, a gem as beautiful  
As any in orient sea.

## SWEET MEMORIES.

**A**S sunlight to a gloomy day  
Or to the night a beam,  
So come sweet memories of old  
Like fancies in a dream.



I see the little cottage yet  
Beside the meadow stream,  
And hear the song-birds in the trees  
'Tis sweeter than a dream.

The old crane creaks on rusty hinge,  
The floor is warped and bare,  
And through the darkened windows steal  
The sunlight and the air.

The chipmunks scamper on the roof  
And noisy crickets call,  
The smiling andirons' silhouette  
Gleams on the pantry wall.

My fancy loiters with the leaves  
That rustle on the floor,  
Descending from the poplar trees  
Before the cottage door.

The cottage is deserted now  
Beside the meadow stream,  
While still come memories of old  
Like fancies in a dream.

## WISHES.

WE hope each day  
For hidden things that seem to lie before  
us,  
And sometimes pine until the heart is sad  
Because the sun fails to shine brighter o'er us  
When things we wish come not to make us  
glad,  
And cares allay.

A hero bold  
The ardent youth desires to be, and ever  
Is striving onward with a sturdy mind ;  
He falters not ; it is his heart's endeavor  
By perseverance, deeds of Virtue find,  
Ere he grows old.

Were we to know  
The wishes of his dear fond anxious mother  
As now he stands before her with a smile,  
We'd pray they all be granted and no other  
Desires would burn within us all the while,  
Such love we'd show

## MY THOUGHTS GO WANDER- ING BACK TO HOME.

WHETHER with book or pen my thoughts  
are prone to linger,  
When worldly cares are cast aside,  
Something beside the poet's sweetest dream of  
fancy,  
Within my soul doth e'er abide.

The purest and the sweetest thought of all  
wherever —  
Ah, where my restless feet do roam,  
Bring memories of dear and happy friends united  
With loving hearts at home, "sweet home."

To-night I seem to hear the cattle faintly lowing,  
And in the pasture, far away,  
I see the butterfly upon the purple thistle,  
In plumes of yellow, dark and gray.

I hear the humming-bird beneath the cottage  
window,

The whip-poor-will pipes here and there,  
And in the dusky shades of the sweet summer  
evening

I see the lambent firefly's glare.

I see the little brook that flows down to the river  
And hear the sweetest wood bird sing ;

Oft did we play 'neath the oak tree in the  
meadow,

With its green leaves and wooden swing.

I know the house where I was born is burned to  
ashes,

But still my fancies ever roam ;

Whene'er the sun is set and daily tasks are  
ended,

My thoughts go wandering back to home.

When boys let loose from school we wandered  
o'er the meadows

Down to the bridge at Forked Run,

And there with pole and line above the murky  
waters,

We fished until the set of sun.

Or teased the geese that gabbled o'er the slimy  
water,

Or chased the ground squirrel to his den ;

O, would that I were there beside its rushy  
borders

To fish in Forked Run again.

In memory I see the log church in the woodland,  
And hear the parson preach and pray,

I see young lovers standing by the deep-toned  
organ,

And children young and old men gray.

These are sweet memories of youth that ne'er  
departed,  
Unto my spirit ever come,  
When evening shades o'er the dark hills are fall-  
ing,  
My thoughts go wandering back to home.

## LITTLE PRINCESS TIP-TOE.

**L**ITTLE Princess Tip-Toe  
Is just as bright as she can be  
And you would smile if you would see  
Little Princess when at play.  
She never cries or frets at all —  
Now would you think a child so small  
As Princess is, would never cry  
Or coax, or tease, or ever sigh ?

Well

Princess

Don't.

Little Princess Tip-Toe  
Is always good and very kind,  
She does her mother ever mind  
And she can work as well as play  
By doing errands every day ;  
And if a child should chance to say  
Bad little words, she says, " Oh, Oh !

You're

Not

Allowed."

Little Princess Tip-Toe,  
Goes in the fields and shady bowers  
(A child of nature 'mong the flowers)  
And picks the ripened berries there  
With crowns of roses on her hair,

While in the valley all is still,  
Save the tinkling of the rill  
Or the sheep-bell on the hill  
Does her heart with rapture fill,  
Kind  
Nature's  
Child.

Little Princess Tip-Toe  
Is just as good as she can be  
And she can skip and be as free  
As all the little lambs at play ;  
And Princess always does obey  
Her teacher and her parents too,  
And she's so modest,— now do you  
Know any Princess just as true  
Perhaps if we would search we'd find  
A Princess  
Just  
As  
Good.











JUL 30 1904

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

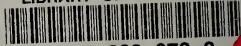
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